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PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
FEBRUARY 1955

OCTOBER

10¢

# ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**



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\*No cash value; you check your classified directory \*

# Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS  
**FLINTLOCK FEUD**



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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**





AND THEN FROM THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE HOUSE CAME OTHER SHOTS--PURFLE AND HADES FIRED AT BANNERMAN SHARPSHOOTERS!



**AN HOUR LATER, THE PURDYS HAVE LED BOY AND PAT INTO A WILD JUNGLE OF CANYONS AND SIDE-CANYONS—A COUNTRY STOOD ON END...**







**A**S BOY SPEAKS, THE MAN IN THE BRUSH PATCH HALF RISES AND FIRES--TAKING THE POSITION OF LEM PURDY AND PAT.



**D**ISTANTLY THE FLINTLOCK, BOY DRAWS HIS PISTOL AND FIRES, ALL IN ONE MOTION...



**R**OY'S BULLET KNOCKS OUT THE FIRST GUNSLINGER'S WEAPON--AS THE OTHER BULLETMAN FIRES.















# Roy Rogers

KING OF THE  
COWBOYS

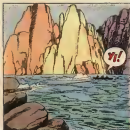
THE ROGUES  
OF ROARING  
CANYON











RIFLE—IN THAT RIDE  
CANYON—POTTING US? WE'LL  
HAVE TO JUMP!

RIGHT? LET  
THE BOAT GO...



NOW!



THERE'S THE  
GUY WHO TRIED TO  
KID US—LOOK!



I GOT 'EM—  
HE CANARY  
SLICE  
ROBBERS! NO  
DON'T GET  
MY GOLD!  
HEE! HEH!

ON A NARROW  
STRIP OF SAND, A  
BEARDED CHARACTER  
IS DOING A FRED  
DANCE OF TRIUMPH.



SOME CRACKBRAINED  
COWBOY SAID POTTING HIM  
NOW! TRY TO LAND AT THE  
BEND—BEHIND THE RIFLE!



AND DODGE THE ROCKS—IF YOU CAN, BOY! THERE'S ONE!



JUNE! GOOD GRIP! SHE HIT HARD!



GOT TO REACH HER—BEFORE SHE DROWNS! THAT BANG KNOCKED HER OUT!

**WITH ALL HIS MIGHT BOY BATTLES THROUGH THE RIFPLE'S WAVES AND CROSSCURRENT...**



NOW... TO KEEP HER FACE ABOVE WATER!

**...AND FINALLY GETS A GRIP!**



BOY, WE CAN'T GET TO YOU! CAN YOU MAKE IT—WITH A LIFT?

DOH! NOOO... YET!

**AT THE RIVER'S BEND, OLD HACKETT AND LENA ARE TOO FAR TO HELP!**



(MUCKS / COUGH)

THANK HEAVEN! JUNE—IF YOU CAN LEE YOUR LOSS—NOW!

And...  
Later...





...KNIFE DOWN THE GORGE'S BOULDER-STRAWN FLOOR. A BIG, RUSTY-COLORED BEAR AMBLES TOWARD THE SCENT OF FRYING BACON.

AT HIS CAMPFIRE, NEAR THE CANYON'S MOUTH, OLD PRINGLE EAR IS BUSILY UNAWARE OF APPROACHING VISITORS.





*BUT OLD SAM'S WISDOM-LIKE ROY IS  
-IS NEXT TO SOUNDLESS!*



*... THE OLD BROWN  
BEAR'S RESPONSE IS NOT!*



*PAIN, AMONGED, THE BRUTE CHARGED...*



**R**OY'S BULLETS, AIMED AT THE WOUNDED BEAR,  
ADD TO THE OUTLAWS' DESPERATION...



...AND ONLY THE SWIFTEST OF  
SHOTS SAVES HIM!



THE WEIGHT OF TWO  
FLOODING MEN CARRIES  
HIM DOWN!



**B**UT IN THE HEEL, A SLOW BODIES WILD...





YEAH!

FIGHTING  
AMONGST  
THEMSELVES!

...ARRIVED-BOY TO  
TACKLE THE LAST  
OF THE THREE  
OPPOUNTERS!



I'LL CUFF THESE TWO  
GUNNERS TOGETHER—THEN  
WE'LL LOOK FOR THE  
THIRD!



HOLD  
EVERYTHING  
SAM—WILD  
IT?

HANDCUFFS!  
NEEDS YOU ARE  
A DUFFITY!



THE BEAR'S  
DEAD? HOP,  
WHY—?

THEY TOOK HIM FOR HIM,  
SAM! BUT I THINK HE'S  
ACCOUNTED FOR ONE OF  
THEIR CREW...



HERE  
HE IS!

RAAAA...DON'T  
SHOOT...BY-MY-LIE,  
JUNNAH!



BRODER—ABOVE THE  
HORIZ! GET ME THREE  
OR FOUR STRAIGHT  
STICKS, WILL YOU, SAM—  
SO I CAN SET THE ROPE!

HUMPH! I WOULDN'T  
BOTHER WITH HIM!  
BUT IF YOU'RE GIVING  
ORDERS, DUFFITY—





## BREED OF THE PIONEERS

### *A Horse for Pete*



Pete Palmer loved animals almost as much as he loved people. There wasn't much recreation on a Montana farm in 1848 and, after his chores were done, Pete got tired of fishing. He kept a bird bath in the back yard, a hen coop by the corral, a garter snake under his bed, assorted frogs and caterpillars in various locations, and a beagle hound. But, more than anything else, he longed for a horse. Even a pony. But, every time he mentioned it, his father gave him the same answer, "You're not old enough, Pete." Pete didn't contest the matter, but he didn't finish thirteen was too young. After his father had bedded down the mare for the night, Pete would secretly ride her in the barn.

He was returning from a profitable fishing jaunt one day when he thought he heard a horse whinny. He followed the sound and, to his great joy, discovered a roan mare<sup>\*</sup> caught in some brambles.

Pete ran all the way home to get some rope and a halter. The horse was still there when he got back. His smooth coat splashed red from the brambles. Pete quickly made a halter, looped it over the horse's neck, and tied it to a tree. Then he hacked away the brambles.

"That better, feller?" asked Pete. The horse nuzzled him, gratefully.

"Let's go, Ruby," said Pete, deciding on a name. He was afraid to take Ruby home, fearing his father might sell him. Finding some tall grass, he tethered his new companion

near by.

"I'll be back tomorrow," promised Pete.

The next day he hurried through his chores with an eagerness that made his father wonder. When he was done, he raced off to where he'd left Ruby.

"I brought you an apple," said Pete, as the horse neighed happily. Pete was riding Ruby in a circle when the horse whinnied strangely. Pete slid off and scrambled to the top of a boulder. Less than one hundred yards away, he could see a group of ferocious Apaches riding towards him, waving war paint!

He leaped on Ruby's back and dug his heels into the roan's haunches. Branches dashed at Pete's face and arms, but he kept urging Ruby faster. Pete yelled excitedly when he spied his father's cabin. But his exultation turned to grief when Ruby's leg sank in a post hole and Pete was thrown onto some soft loam.

"Indians!" yelled Pete, as his father ran towards him. They all jumped in the buckboard and soon were safe inside Fort Cutler.

"Dad, will they kill Ruby?" wept Pete.

"I doubt it, son. Indians like horses. They won't take him, though. He'd be too much trouble, lamed and all. We'll find him when we go back. I promise you that he'll be yours."

Sure enough, Pete found Ruby the next day. As the little horse took the oats and water Pete brought him, he knew Ruby and he would be great pals.

<sup>\*</sup> An unweaned colt that has wandered from its mother.

THE END







“A COUPLE OF SANDWICHES MADE OF OUR BREAKFAST—NOT FULL STOMACHS TO SLOW US DOWN!”



“SURE ENOUGH, THE HOUNDS WERE TRAILING DOWN INTO THE CANYON, READING FOR A BROWN ROCK SHELF—”

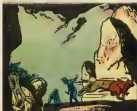
“IT WAS JUST GETTING SKYLIGHT GLOW IN THE CANYON’S BOTTOM, AND THE MUSIC OF SHORTY’S BOUNDS WAS COMING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE HIGH ROCK WALLS—”



“WE DIDN’T HAVE ANY BUNDLES, EITHER—JUST FLASHLIGHTS IN OUR POCKETS! THE IDEA WAS TO CATCH A ‘COON—NOT SHOOT HIM.”



“—WHERE A THOUSAND CRACKS OF ALL SIZES WERE THE BEST SORT OF PLACE FOR ‘COONS TO ESCAPE.” OLD MR. ‘COON HAD MADE FOR IT, WHEN HE FIRST HEARD THE DOGS ON HIS TAIL.



—BANDIT? AND I GOT THERE ALMOST AS SOON AS THE BOSS DID—... ONLY WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY BROTHERS LEFT TO KILL.



\* CUM PANCE ADD-KWNS NOT (PANCE) UP ---  
FOLLOWING THE BOUNDRON PANCEIS --  
NOT WE HADNOT FOR THE



"AT LAST THE DOGS WERE STUMPERED-- AND SPURDY'S FLASHLIGHT SHOWED US WHAT THE DOGS HAD HIDDEN IN BETWEEN TWO SHELVES OF BOOKS, WHERE ONLY A SMALL DOG COULD REACH US."



"SHORTY'S FAVORITE---A LITTLE TYPE CALLED LAM!--TRIED IT AND GOT HER NOSE WELL SCRATCHED! SHE WAS LIKELY NOT TO HAVE BEEN INTERESTED!"





"WHEN SHRUTTY HAD CRAWLED AND BORMED IN THERE ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET, HE FOUND HE'D WASTED HIS TIME. AND THAT WASN'T ALL."



"I TRIED TO MAKE MY VOICE SOUND CONFIDENT---BUT I WAS MORE SCARED THAN SHRUTTY, I RECAL--THINKING OF HIM STUCK RIGHT BACK IN THERE."



"WHILE I WAS GONE, SHRUTTY SWIRLED AROUND SOME MORE, AND BY LUCK HE FOUND A COIN THE ROCK WHERE HE COULD MOVE AROUND A LITTLE."

"CRAWLING AROUND THAT DIRT HE FELT SOMETHING SLIDING UNDER HIM---AND FOUND IT WAS GOLD COINS!"

"SOME DINI LETTERS PAINTED ON THE ROTTEN GAINES  
SADDLES GAVE HIM A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF WHERE IT  
CAME FROM."



"SHORTY WAS SO INTERESTED IN HIS FIND THAT HE FOR-  
GOT ABOUT SAYING HIS LIGHTS---AND GOT PRETTY  
BORED WHEN IT CUT ON HIM."



"SHORTY'S SHIRT SACK, ONE FIRST, STARTED FULL OF  
GOLD---ENOUGH TO BUY A NIFTY FINE RANCH, WHICH  
IS JUST WHAT SHORTY DID, LATER ON."

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would trade his  
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